

THE
SECOND PART
OF
Pleasure for a Minute.

CONTAINING

*The Spirit, or Cupid's Apparition;
The Lover's Battle; Nature, or
Love uncontroul'd; The Bottom-
less Pit; The Destiny of Love;
Unconstant Lover; Commodities
of the New Exchange.*

WITH

Other LOVE-POEMS.

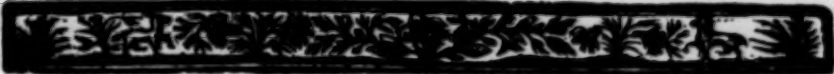
Amor omnibus idem——— Virg.

L O N D O N;


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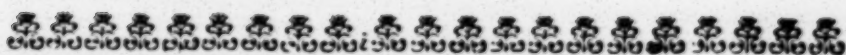


The CONTENTS.

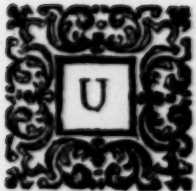
 <i>THE Spirit ; or, Cupid's Apparition.</i>	pag. 1
<i>The Lover's Retirement.</i>	2
<i>A Love-Song.</i>	4
<i>Love and Cupid.</i>	5
<i>The Lover's Battle.</i>	6
<i>The Vision of Pleasure.</i>	9
<i>Nature, or Love uncontroul'd.</i>	11
<i>The Bottomless Pit.</i>	12
<i>Advice to Cælia.</i>	13
<i>Beauty no more.</i>	14
<i>Strephon again himself.</i>	16
<i>The Destiny of Love.</i>	17
<i>The Modish Lover, or the Unconstant.</i>	18
<i>Commodities of the New-Exchange.</i>	20
<i>Naked Buff ; or the Downfall of the Calicoes. A Song.</i>	24, &c.



Miscellany P O E M S.



The Spirit ; or, CUPID'S Apparition.


 PON a Time, as Fame reports,
 When all love Mirth and rural
 Sports,
 Around the Pole the Dancers gay,
 Proclaim the beauteous Month of *May* ;
 And Gaiety and Love are seen
 'Through ev'ry Village, ev'ry Green:
 'Twas then that *Cælia*, rambling, found
 Her Swain asleep upon the Ground ;
 She view'd him o'er from Top to Toe,
 And fain the hidden Joy wou'd know ;

B


She

She sigh'd, she long'd the Charm to taste—
 At length displays young *Strepson's* Waste ;
 Tho' nought she finds, the Swain, with Art,
 Beneath had hid what gains a Heart :
 But as she touch'd the Skin hard by,
 Love started out as from the Sky ;
 She saw the Apparition good,
 A Spirit was of Flesh and Blood,
 Then took him to Apartment near,
 Where he should only thus appear ;
 And, like a modern skilful Bride,
 This Spirit to dark Room did guide ;
 For Spirits they're confin'd to Night,
 And shou'd be ever out of Sight.



The Lover's Retirement.

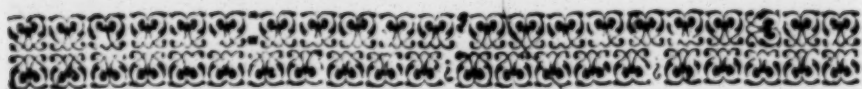
To my Mistress.


 O yonder Grove let us retire,
 There satisfy our Soul's Desire ;
 Ten thousand Kisses I'll bestow,
 Which shall a gen'rous Passion show ;
 'Tis softest Kisses that impart,
 And make a Passage to the Heart ;


The

The live-long Day we'll sport and toy,
 At Night the greater Bliss enjoy,
 My Arms around thy Waste shall twine,
 Thy Taper Limbs encompass mine,
 And ev'ry Part in Love shall join;
 Each fondly struggling to outdo,
 We'll mingle Souls and Bodies too:
 Thy darting Eyes, my Dear, shall meet
 With mine, when we each other greet;
 Thy Coral Lips on mine shall press,
 Thy heaving Breasts my Flame increase,
 Those Ivory Globes and snowy Charms
 Shall make me melt within thy Arms;
 In blissful Shades with thee I'll rove,
 Through ev'ry Labyrinth of Love.
 Ne'er cloy'd with Heav'nly Joys so great,
 Th' Enjoyment dear we'd oft repeat;
 With thee alone I'd not despair,
 Nor envy Gods their *Venus* fair.





A Love-Song.

I.
HEN *Celia*'s kind,
To her inclin'd,
The Power of Love we prove;
With *Cupid's* Chain
We strive in vain,
All Men were born to love.

II.
Her Face so fine,
And Shape Divine;
When *Celia* rolls her Eye,
At ev'ry Dart
She strikes a Heart,
When she's unkind we die.

III.
Cease, *Celia* Dear,
In Crowds t'appear,
To wound the Gazers on;
Be always kind,
Or still confin'd,
Or the whole World's undone.



Love and Cupid.

B
 eauty and Love once fell at odds,
 And thus revil'd each other ;
 I am, says Love, one of the Gods,
 But thou wait'st on my Mother :
 Thou hast no Pow'r, Great *Jove* can see't,
 But what I gave to thee ;
 Nor art thou longer fair or sweet,
 Than Men acknowledge me.

Away, fond Boy, then Beauty cries,
 We know that thou ar't blind ;
 For Men have knowing piercing Eyes,
 My Graces all to find :
 'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
 And call'd thee blind Desire ;
 I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
 And Wings to kindle Fire.

Love

Love then in Anger fled, forlorn,
 And thus to *Vulcan* pray'd,
 That he would tip his Shafts with Scorn,
 To punish this fair Maid :
 So Beauty ever since hath been
 But courted for an Hour ;
 To love a Day, is now a Sin,
 Against God *Cupid's* Pow'r.



The Lover's Battle.



RITHEE take away the Light,
 Shines too bright,
Venus' Sports suit best by Night,
 Canopy'd in Bed we being ;
 Feel and sport,
 Feel and sport,
 Must not be seeing.

Blushes

(7)

Blushes it does cause to rise,
By thine Eyes,
Which thy Courage doth surprize,
And it adds a Bar to yielding ;
Since that Sport,
Since that Sport,
Consists in Feeling.

Dark it is, now let us try,
Flat I lie,
And thy Vaunting do defy ;
My Life, 'tis fit, if you dare venture,
Sir, charge home,
Sir, charge home,
If that you Enter.

How now, Foe, at first so hot,
Sure you'll not
Gain the Conquest to your Lot ;
Do your worst, force me asunder,
None shall help,
None shall help,
Though I lie under.

Well

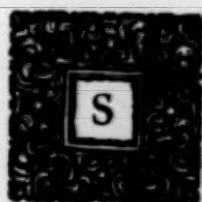
Well fought, my Foe, so thick and true,
 'Tis my Due,
Home I'll strike as well as you;
O how ev'ry Joint is willing,
 In this Fight,
 In this Fight,
I'll ne'r fear Killing.

How now, Youngster, what retreat,
 Are ye beat?
That you can't maintain the Feat;
O this War is so delighting!
 I'll but breathe,
 I'll but breathe,
And then to Fighting.

Prithee come, charge once again,
 Strike amain,
For our Weapons breed no Pain,
In this War I'll die a Martyr;
 If you faint,
 If you faint,
I'll give you Quarter.



The Vision of Pleasure.



HE lay all Naked on her Bed ;
 And I myself lay by ;
 No Veil nor Curtain there was
 spread,
 No Covering but I.
 Her Head upon her Shoulder seeks
 To lean in careless wise ;
 All full of Blushes are her Cheeks,
 Her Wishes in her Eyes.

The Blood still flushing in her Face,
 As on a Message came ;
 To shew that in another Place,
 Is meant another Game.
 Her ruddy Lips moist, plump, and fair,
 Millions of Kisses crown ;
 Which ripe, uncropt, hang dangling there,
 And weigh the Branches down.

Her Neck, and Breasts, that swell so high,
 Wou'd lead Men to despair ;
 And all the World I wou'd defy,
 For such a Heav'nly Fair :
 Her Thighs, and Belly, so compleat,
 To me at first were shown,
 To've seen such Meat, and not have Eat,
 Wou'd anger any Stone.

Her Knees lay up, but gently bent,
 And all was hollow under ;
 As if on easy Terms she meant
 To fall, unforc'd, asunder :
 Just so the *Cyprian* Queen did lie,
 Expecting in her Bower,
 When too long Sport had kept her Boy
 Beyond his promis'd Hour.

Dull Clown, quoth she, why dost delay
 The proffer'd Bliss to take ?
 Canst thou not find the easy way,
 Similitudes to make ?
 Mad with Delight, in this Extreme,
 I threw myself about her ;
 But, Pox on't ! it was all a Dream,
 And so, I lay without her.

Nature,



Nature; or, Love uncontroll'd.



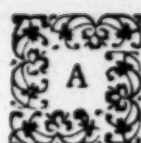
OW Conscience thou art fled and
gone,
The only Clog to Man's Delight,
Religion which we doted on,
And hinder'd Woman's Appetite :
We now are all let loose by Fate,
T'enjoy the Freedom of our Nature ;
We thank the Mercy of the State,
That lets us thus enjoy the Creature.

Nuptials are grown but Things of form,
A Trick to keep a Woman chaste,
The Grandees look upon't with Scorn,
Their Daughters will not be strait-lace'd :
No, Ladies, no, you're Man's Delight,
And Man is yours ; why shou'd you be
Debarr'd from taking of your Right,
When e'ery Creature is set free ?

He that Loves most hath most of Wit,
 And she's most lovely that Loves most;
 Affection is a Love-sick Fit,
 In time 'tis taken, or 'tis lost.
 Come Ladies, we'll enjoy each other,
 The pleasing Feats of Love rehearse,
 When one is gone we'll take another,
 And frolick all the Universe.



The Bottomless Pit.

 Pit there is so wond'rous deep,
 That none durst venture therein
 peep ;

No Ocean is this Pit, we find,
 Nor Cavern made by Blast of Wind ;
 No *Eden's* Hole, nor *Ætna's* Lake,
 Nor is it *Devil's Arse in Peak* ;
 It is no dang'rous Mouth of Hell,
 But it destroys all Youths as well.
 It does not lie nor *East* nor *West*,
 Or *North* or *South*—but where 'tis guest ;
 Then

Then where's this wond'rous Pit?—it lies
Betwixt the fair *Belinda's* Thighs.



Advice to Cælia.

VIRGINS think on it, and consider,
Now fully ripe and fully grown,
That the sweetest Rose will wither,
If not cut as soon as blown.

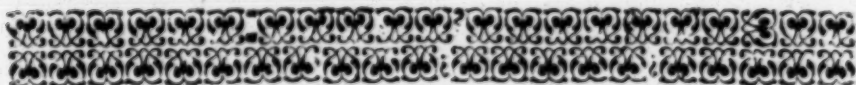
Fy! *Cælia*, fy! be not so stupid,
As to lead old Apes in Hell,
Since there is a little *Cupid*,
That can do the Feat so well.

Think not then to Love at leisure,
Whatsoe'er grave Matrons talk ;
But now reap the Sweet of Pleasure,
E'er it rot upon the Stalk.


Take

Take Example by thy Mother,
When she was in her early Prime ;
If Thou wilt be such another,
Pierce thy Maidenhead betime.

Maidens Charms are made for Bedding,
As a Fiddle to the Dance ;
Or our Needles are for Threading,
As the Ring for tilting Lance.



Beauty no more.

ELL, well, 'tis true,
I now am fall'n in Love,
And 'tis with You ;
But still I plainly see,
Whilst you're enthron'd by me above,
You all your Art and Pow'r improve
To Tyrant over me ;
And make my Flames the Center of your
(Scorn,
Whilst you rejoice and feast your Eyes,
To see me thus forlorn.

But

But yet be wise,
 And don't believe that I
 Do think your Eyes
 More bright than Stars can be ;
 Or that your Face Angels outvies,
 In their Celestial Liveries,
 'Tis all but Poetry ;
 I would have said as much by any She :
 Thou art not Beauteous of thyself,
 But are't made so by me.

Though we, like Fools,
 Fathom the Earth and Skies,
 And drain the Schools,
 For Names t'express you by ;
 Outrant the loudest Hyperboles,
 To dub you Saints and Deities,
 By *Cupid's* Heraldry :
 You are but Flesh and Blood as well as Men,
 And when we will can Mortalize,
 And make you so again.





Strephon *again himself.*

I.

WHEN first before bright *Celia's*
[Feet I lay,
I thought it Heresy to look astray,
From her Divinity ;
But now I've let loose mine Eyes,
I'm glutted with Variety,
And see there are,
Others as Fair,
That have Humanity :
So that her Face can only move,
And I can Live altho' she cannot Love.

II.

That very Charter which hath giv'n her
[Pow'r,
To look upon three Servants in an Hour,
Doth grant the same to me ;
Nature did many Beauties make,
That Men might at their Pleasure take ;
And he that's wise
Will take his Choice,

In

In her whole Nursery ;
 As Women have their, Freedom so have we,
 For *Cupid* hath his Court of Equity.

III.

Had I gaz'd on her still as heretofore,
 A Conscience made of Courting more,
 How had I play'd the Sot ?
 I might have done as others do,
 Receiv'd her Scorns, and thank'd her too,
 But now I see,
 There others be,
 Wretched, and know it not ;
 He that Confines himself when he is Free,
 Builds his own Goal, and buys his Slavery.



The Destiny of Love.



Must confess I'm grown in Love,
 Tho' I did think I never should ;
 But 'tis with one dropt from above,
 Whom Nature made of finest Mould ;

D

So

So good, so fair, so all Divine,
 I'd quit the World to make her mine.

Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
 When *Sol* salutes our Hemisphere;
 So shrink the Beauties, small and great,
 When Heav'nly *Celia* doth appear :
 Were she as other Women are,
 I shou'd not Love her to Despair.

But I cou'd never bear a Mind,
 Willing to bow to common Faces ;
 Nor Confidence enough can find,
 To aim at One so full of Graces :
 Fortune and Nature did agree
 No Woman shou'd be fit for me.





*The Modish Lover ; or, the
Unconstant.*

I Ne'er yet saw a lovely Creature,
Were she Widow, Maid, or Wife,
But strait within my Heart her Fea-
(ture,

Painted was unto the Life ;

When out of Sight,

Tho' ne'er so bright,

I straitway lost her Picture quite :

For in my Breast, this is my Case,

Instead of Heart's a Looking-Glass.

Then let no Woman think that ever

Absence makes one Constant prove ;

When Occasion doth us sever,

Then can none so truly Love :


For when we

Once parted be,

'Troth we can Court the next we see.



Commodities of the New-Exchange.

 E' L L go no more to the *Old Ex-*
(change,

There's no good Ware at all ;
Their Bodkins and their Thimbles too,
Went long since to *Guildhall* :
But we will go to the *New-Exchange*,
Where all Things are in Fashion ;
And then we'll have it call'd henceforth,
The Burse of Reformation.

Come Lads and Lasses what d'ye lack,
Here are Things of all Prizes ;
Here's long and short, here's wide and strait,
And Things of different Sizes.

Ladies, here you may fit yourselves
With all sorts of good Pins ;
Sir, here is Jet, and here is Hair,
Gold and Cornelian Rings.

Here

Here is an *English* Coney Fur,
Russia hath no such Stuff,
 Which still to keep your Fingers warm,
 Excels your Sable Muff.

Pray, Madam, sit, I'll show you Ware,
 Will fit ye all so pat ;
 Against a Stall, or on a Stool,
 You'll ne'er hurt a Cravat :
 Here Childrens Baubles are, Mens too,
 To play with for Delight ;
 And Round Heads, when turn'd ev'ry way,
 At length will turn upright.

Here's Dice and Box, and if you please,
 To play at in and in ;
 Are Horns for Brows, and Brows for Horns,
 Which never will be seen :
 And here's a Set of Skittle-Pins,
 With Bowls at them to roll ;
 And if you like such Gaming Sport,
 Here is my Lady's Hole.

Here's shadow'd Ribband of all Sorts,
 As various as your Mind ;
 And here's a Windmill, like yourselves,
 Will turn with ev'ry Wind :

And

And here's a Church of the same Stuff,
 Cut out in the New Fashion;
 Hard by's a Priest stands twice a Day,
 To please his Congregation.

Here Patches are of ev'ry Cut,
 For Pimples and for Scars;
 Here Planets are and wand'ring Signs,
 And some of the Fix'd Stars;
 All ready gumm'd to make them stick,
 There needs no other Sky,
 Nor Stars for *Campbel* now to view,
 And tell your Fortunes by.

Here are some Presbyterian Things,
 To cure 'em of Love's Passion,
 Because we read that Prester *John*
 Did Circumcise his Nation:
 And here's an Independent Knave,
 Rais'd with the Spirit's Humour;
 And here's cheap Ware that was sequestr'd
 For a malignant Rumour,

T' inject fine Powder in your Hair,
 Here is a pretty Puff;
 'Twou'd for a Clyster's Ease serve too,
 Were it fill'd with such Stuff:

Madam

Madam, here are *Pistacha* Nuts,
 Strength'ning *Eringo* Roots ;
 And here's preserved Apricock,
 With Stones appendant to't.

Here Perukes are will fit all Heads,
 False Beards for a Disguise ;
 Here's what helps Lasses that are bare,
 In all Parts as their Thighs :
 If you'll engage well here ye may
 Take up fine *Holland* Smocks ;
 We have all Things that Women want,
 Except *Italian* Locks.

Here Gallants are who've Backs like Bulls,
 At first sight can leap Lasses ;
 And bearded Boys hold out like Goats,
 And here are some like Asses.
 Here is your Gallant can outdo,
 Your Usher or your Page ;
 You need not go to *Ludgate* now,
 'Till threescore Years of Age.

Madam, here's a *Pragmaticus*,
 Was *Aulicus* of late,
 And here is an *Usenticus*,
 Which Fallacies doth prate :

And


And here's an Intelligence too,
See how they round him throng;
Whilst *Melancholicus* alone,
Stays here to make this Song.



*Naked Buff; or, the Down-
fall of the Callicoes.*

A S O N G.

To the Tune of Ye Ladies and Peers.

I.
HE Callico Trade,
Which long since has made
Such Damage to Weavers of Stuff;
At length is no more,
But ev'ry poor Whore
Must strip into her naked Buff—brave
(Boys—
Must strip into her naked Buff.

II.

II.

'Tis true it is cold
For Young and the Old,
To lay by their Gowns, and the Muff;
But now there's a Law,
O strange ! without Flaw,
For Maidens to strip to their Buff——
(brave Boys——&c.

III.

But when they are stript,
By none they'll be whipt;
And some of our Females, tho' rough,
Spectators will prize
Their Legs and their Thighs,
And like 'em the better in Buff——
(brave Boys——&c.

IV.

A Maid that is young,
Like Swain that's well hung,
A Fortune will gain who has enough
Of Ornaments near,
The Water-course clear,
Like Ivory white is her Buff——
(brave Boys, &c.

V.

The Maiden in Years,
Will strait be in Tears,
Tho' she has her Box of dry Snuff,
Will cause ye to sneize,
When you that same teize,
And kifs her in her thicken'd Buff——
(*brave Boys——&c.*)

VI.

The Female Ventose,
And Wench that is loose,
Behind her will give such a Puff;
That strait the blue Vapour,
Is seen like a Taper,
When once she is stript to her Buff——
(*brave Boys——&c.*)

VII.

But all Sorts of Maidens,
The Sober and Haidens,
Will Pleasure yield to some old Cuff;
Who've Spectacles got,
To view the Clove Spot,
And Limbs that are in naked Buff——
(*brave Boys——&c.*)

VIII.

VIII.

Let none then repine,
So long as we've Wine,
The Virgin undress'd, not too rough;
The Duke and the Peer,
All Youths will revere,
When Venus appears in her Buff——
(brave Boys——&c.

IX.

And surely there's no such,
Of High-Church or Low-Church,
The beautiful Damsel will huff,
Who's Make is Divine,
And Posteriors shine,
When she is display'd in her Buff——
(brave Boys——&c.



F I N I S.



